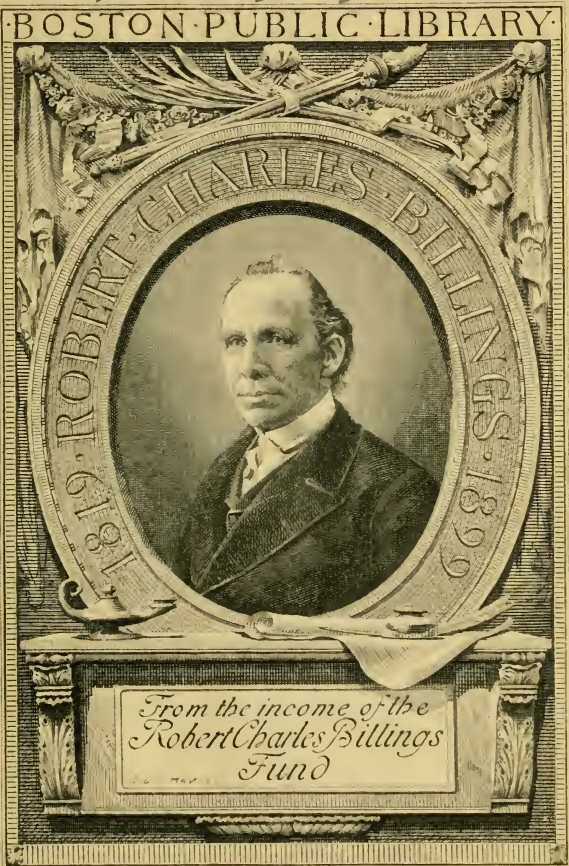


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A VOICE OF INSURGENCY

A VOICE OF INSURGENCY

BY

MAEVE CAVANAGH.

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By the Same Author:

“A Flame from the Whins,” “Sheaves of Revolt,”
and “Passion Flowers.”

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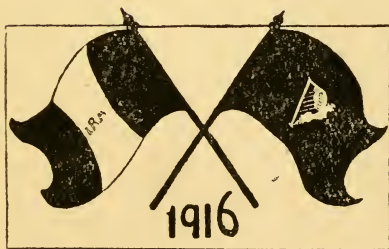
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Billings
Dec. 17. 1921
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WILLIAM C. BROWN
JAN 1922
BOSTON, MASS.

TO MY FRIEND,
JAMES CONNOLLY,
AND THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO SUFFERED AND
DIED WITH HIM TO SAVE THE HONOUR
OF IRELAND.
1916.



“A healthy nation is as unconscious of its nationality as a healthy man of his bones. But if you break a nation's nationality it will think of nothing else but getting it set again. It will listen to no reformer, to no philosopher, to no preacher until the demand of the Nationalist is granted. It will attend to no business, however vital, except the business of unification and liberation.”

BERNARD SHAW.

Index.

- 1.—PREFACE.
- 2.—JAMES CONNOLLY.
- 3.—PATRICK PEARSE.
- 4.—JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT.
- 5.—YE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND.
- 6.—EIRE AFTER THE STORM.
- 7.—UNCONQUERABLE.
- 8.—COMMUNION.
- 9.—EASTERTIDE, 1916.
- 10.—TO "E.K."
- 11.—MICHAEL MALLIN.
- 12.—CORNELIUS COLBERT.
- 13.—SPRING, 1916.
- 14.—EIRE TO K.L.
- 15.—WRECK OF THE S.S. "BRITANNIA."
- 16.—OPPORTUNITY.
- 17.—STRAINING AT THE LEASH.
- 18.—OUTWARD BOUND?
- 19.—FLOOD-TIDE.
- 20.—THE PASS OF FREEDOM.
- 21.—AWAITING THE SIGNAL.
- 22.—THE CALL TO ARMS.
- 23.—THE CAPTIVE.
- 24.—IRELAND TO GERMANY.
- 25.—SIR ROGER CASEMENT.
- 26.—IRISH IMPERIALISM.
- 27.—THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.
- 28.—IRELAND'S OVERTURE TO GERMANY.
- 29.—TO A DEPORTEE.
- 30.—FRANCIS SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON.
- 31.—BEANNACHT LEAT.
- 32.—CAPTAIN T. DOLAN.
- 33.—IRELAND'S GAELS.
- 34.—O'DONOVAN ROSSA.
- 35.—AND SHALL OUR CASEMENT DIE?
- 36.—THE PARTITIONISTS.
- 37.—APOLOGIA.

Preface.

Go forth, my songs, unfinished, rude,
 Poor pilgrims of my heart and brain,
Tho' scant of beauty you and crude
 I know your burden shall remain,
Where souls are simple, fire-tipped, bold,
 Whom prouder verse would but dismay,
With puzzling dreams, aloof and cold,
 Far from the battle of the day.

James Connolly, I.R.A.

Profoundly Ireland mourns to-day

Her Leader wise whom God had sent,
Who sleeps in blood-soaked prison clay,

Yet sorrow is with Triumph blent.
For thro' the land his spirit goes,
And Freedom's seed still deeper sows.

Labor, deep-stricken, sees dismayed,

The vacant Bridge—the Watch asleep,
And her arch enemy arrayed

On the grief-scattered fold to leap—
Yet she shall not his teaching shame,
But onward forge to his great aim.

And one who ever in him found

A steadfast champion of her cause,
Woman, by tyrant laws still bound

Shall she not at his passing pause,
To pay him from her House of Thrall
The noblest homage of them all?

Patrick Pearse,

Commandant-General, I.R.A.

Oh, proud was Death, I know, that day,
 He came to bear you to the Throne,
 For, Patrick Pearse, that starry way,
 To you seemed never quite unknown.
 Long the stern Angel mused that Earth,
 Held one so gentle, of such worth.

A martyr's crown your aureole,
 Upon your brow Fate's hand had placed.
 Earth's grossness ne'er had smirched your soul,
 For one great task your mind was braced.
 And nobly was that loved work wrought,
 And brave the fight and clean you fought.

They pierced your heart, but could not kill
 The great, white Flame that still is you,
 A living fire, 'tis with us still,
 To cheer and light our path anew.
 A beacon sure on Freedom's height,
 A portent of our next great fight.

And as the soaring breeze at eve,
 Wafts upwards each sweet blossom scent.
 So, too, the land in arms you leave
 Sends ever on the way you went.
 A Nation's love and plighted word,
 Till free she shall not sheath the sword.

Joseph Mary Plunkett.

Tho' you be dead let no man mourn for you,

Whose brave life-song was ended,

E'en to the last full note

And with its music blended.

Love's song and War's, Glory's, Achievement's,
too,

Its grand triumphant echo long shall float

Round you and glad your dream Death's twilight
thro'.

Tho' you be dead, its fruits your life-dream bore,

Beyond all hope surpassing,

Your heart its wish had known,

Then let none mourn your passing.

You live in Ireland's heart for evermore,

In Life's flood-tide the death you craved you won,

Then fared with radiant face to Death's strange
shore.

Ye Dead Who Died for Ireland.

Ye dead who died for Ireland and for me,
I mourn I've naught to give you but my song,
The common chant of mediocrity,
That winds its facile horn the whole day long.
Yet may it serve till greater singers wake
In metres proud your splendid tale to tell,
And for your brows Song's choicest garland make
When mine, long cold, knows but wan asphodel.



Eire—After the Storm.

To Countess Markievicz.

Defiant still, though scarred by War's fierce passion
In glorious unrepentance Ireland stands,
Her ruins stark repelling all compassion,
Her broken sword still clasping in her hands.
Failure? Not so—no sigh her great heart troubles,
No tears her brave eyes mar—Hope still reigns
there;
This day and hence her lust for Freedom doubles
E'en now she stoops to build up and prepare.
Though round her feet her martyred dead are lying,
See from their blood her soul new life drinks in.
Stronger she'll rise from this last crucifying
In Fate's despite she'll fight again and WIN.

May, 1916.

Unconquerable.

Oh, England, see how futile is your might,
Whose shadow o'er our Nation long has frowned,
Yet ever failed our land's high soul to blight,
Or bring her soaring hope at last to ground.

Thro' all her night no truce she made with you,
Deep under foot she trod your savage laws,
For in her heart this glowing truth she knew:
Some day would see the triumph of her cause.

Your base and shameless Lie time and again
She drowned in rivers of her noblest blood,
Until her verdant soil was one red stain,
Whence Freedom's Rose once more did burst in
bud.

Thus England, see how futile is your power,
Her soul is stronger than embattled men,
Before that constancy which is her dower,
Shall all your efforts still go down again.

Oh, doomed land, your children love you not,
Our chivalry their cowardice upbraids,
Your gleam of glory have your sons forgot,
Your battles all were fought by hireling blades.

Reborn is Eire now and dried her tears,
The memory of her unfurled flag shall stay,
Your tyrannies—your scheming thro' long years
Were negatived on that proud April day.

See, on your walls the writing plainer grows,
Tho' you be blind and deaf with gorge and gore,
Defeat's stark symbol o'er your razed towns shows,
And England's star goes down for evermore.



Communion.

Tho' now our comrades walk with Death,
 There is no silence and no woe
 Between the intervening breadth;
 For words they spoke a while ago
 Come thundering back across the Night
 To us they left to tend the Light.

Our grief their gallant tale would mar,
 There is but cause for joy and pride,
 Let Ireland's voice send o'er Death's bar
 A paean of thanks to those who died:
 Who smiling plunged in Freedom's flood
 And drowned the Great Lie in their blood.

Too mazed as yet the world to guage
 The great, full meaning of her Act
 When Ireland flung on History's page
 The epic tale the age had lacked.
 On war's red road in stress and pain
 Lit Chivalry's white lamp again.

True heirs in that inheritance,
 Whose ranks were sanctified by Christ,
 Who watch by Justice in her trance—
 And Freedom e'er o'er Life have priced.
 We know their souls are with us still,
 As we forge up the last great hill.

Eastertide, 1916.

(Written on the hoisting of the Irish Republican Flag over
the G.P.O.—Dublin, 24/4/16.

The warring nations mazèd heard
The slogan cry of Eire ring,
And they who in her fain hope shared
Exultant watched her gallant spring—
The wolf-dog stood at bay once more,
And heard unmoved the Lion's roar.

The hours were told—her time had come—
At noontide on an April day,
She bore the Truth—the Lie struck dumb
In all her glorious, deathless way.
Ere to his couch the Sun sank down
Her flag flew over Dublin town.

And Connaught o'er broad Shannon's tide,
Her noble challenge swiftly sends,
True as of yore from Slaney's side
Brave Wexford's thrilling answer wends—
And history stoops to write to-day
The fairest page she'll pen for aye.

What tho' our fairest, dearest fall?
We shall not grudge the awful price,
To-day we stand in Freedom's hall,
And freely make our sacrifice.
We've seen our Goddess face to face
All times cannot this hour efface.

To "E.K."

When first they told me you were dead,
I scarcely felt grief's pain,
Straight in the face I looked black Dread,
And barred it from my brain.

I shed no tears, I turned to hear
Your step at every sound,
So strong your presence seemed and near
That Wonder sorrow drowned.

How strange it seemed, I saw a draft,
Your hands had just left there,
And all the small things of your craft
Beside your empty chair.

Brother and sister were we two
Comrades, soul-friends beside,
And yet how dear I hardly knew
Till now when you have died.

Death came to you in tragic guise,
Lone as your life had been;
No law your murder justifies,
Save England's laws unclean.

I think not on it lest I curse
The hand the bullet sped:
But one word "Murdered" clear and terse
I write above my dead.

To every noble cause your heart
Went forth unerring, true,
Maybe you played a greater part,
And braver than you knew.

Many a hope and dream we shared,
As we worked side by side;
Brother when Death his secret bared
Was life's pain justified?

I would not dare your sleep to break
With futile praise or blame—
But this—that for your lost life's sake,
Mine ne'er shall be the same.

Easter Tuesday, 1916.



Michael Mallin, I.R.A.

Not strange it seems to me
That seldomest is said,
Your name when rev'rently
Men speak of Ireland's dead—
In dwelling-house or street
With pride as is but meet.

You would not greatly care
If fame had passed you by,
Had you but done your share
Ere you went forth to die—
If but in deed and heart
You played a true man's part.

Later shall Ireland prize
The worth of him she lost,
Too dim as yet her eyes,
O'er her great holocaust.
Later shall wondering find
The scroll your life-blood signed.

But still I wish to-day
That I had genius great,
With noble words to pay
Fit homage to your fate.
On your red grave to lay
Song that would mock decay.

Vain thought! no words you need
Your gallant tale to tell,
History shall shrine your deed,
For Ireland's sake you fell.
Not more you'd ask I trow
Than all men this should know.



Cornelius Colbert.

Youth's dream in him had never died,
But manhood's morning vision gave,
And sent his strong soul faring wide,
Towards all things pure and true and brave,
Till one day brought the glowing dream
That claimed and held his heart supreme.

Henceforth one thought and hope he knew:
One vision clear as Eve's fair star,
When summer skies are sapphire hue
And all the clouds in hiding are.
One call that echoed pleading, sweet,
'And all his being rose to meet.

For Eire marked him for her own,
And found in him a gallant son,
When to its ripe fruition grown,
Her harvest blazed—her waiting done.
Her voice he followed where it led,
Glad for her sake his life-blood shed.

Spring, 1916.

Quiet the prelude to the storm,
 Deep, ominous around me reigns,
 In skies behind me cruciform,
 My Past's dread shadow slowly wanes.
 The sword once more is in my hand,
 An army moves at my command.

And War's shrill bugle soon shall drown
 The miserere of the past,
 When forth from valley, field and town,
 My soldiers gather at its blast,
 The living heroes of my dream
 Steeled for the sacrifice supreme.

Amongst my hills each mountain stream
 Still speaks with Winter's noisy voice,
 Yet I can see the crocus gleam,
 Can hear spring birds in woods rejoice;
 Oh, would I knew what flower shall reign,
 When I my throne and crown regain.

“Workers’ Republic,”

19/2/16.

“ Eire ” to K.L.

Were she less brave and wise of soul,
 Less faithful to her great Ideal;
 Now that War's thunders round her roll,
 Would she not shrink back from the Real,
 And at the last refuse the price,
 Too weak for Freedom's sacrifice?

Too well she knows, who Freedom seek
 Must march along a bloody road,
 For not by compromise or freak
 Have any there to Vict'ry rode;
 Oft journeyed she that way before,
 E'en yet unhealed her scars and sore.

Yet girds she on with steady hands,
 And bounding heart her battle gear,
 Young, beautiful, alert she stands
 Before her foe *sans* awe or fear;
 The red blood thrills her veins like wine,
 Her soul has read God's gracious sign.

“Workers' Republic,”

22/4/16.

The Wreck of the S. S. "Britannia."

In War's fierce hurricane she sinks,
 Her flag droops lower day by day,
 And every nation from her shrinks,
 They know the End—and go their way.
 An evil ship that founders fast,
 The pirate's sign still at her mast.

Her decks defeats' dark waters sweep,
 The rats in panic leave her sides,
 Towed by the battered, sinking heap,
 A captive ship behind her rides.
 Must she, too, in Death's course be set
 Because some weakling cries "Not Yet"?

Has fear or sleep her crew o'erborne
 That ne'er from scabbard flashes sword
 To cut the tow-rope, thin and worn;
 Is there no man to give the word.
 Must Ireland ever captained be
 By landsmen scared of storm and sea?

Opportunity !

She stands outside our prison gates—
 Who nevermore may come our way ;
 She points the road where Freedom waits,
 And bids us haste ere wanes the day—
 The wretched gates with rust are brown,
 Yet none essay to break them down.

Wide arms she opes to daring souls,
 Adventure beckons from her eyes
 How shall she tempt such prudent moles
 To trust the promise in their skies?
 Tho' absent they had sung her charms,
 Her coming fills them with alarms.

She says—"On sea and plain your foe
 Has gone to meet a tyrant's fate,
 Do you not then your new strength know
 That dazed, irresolute you wait—
 Of what avail are gun and sword
 If there be none dare give the word?

"On foreign fields your brothers fight
 Your tyrant's shamèd cause to save,
 Will you not risk as much for Right:
 Can only traitors then be brave?
 E'en now the sun to West doth face,
 And Ireland runs not in the race."

"Workers' Republic,"
 8/1/16.

Straining at the Leash.

Unloose the leash; restraining hand,

View! view! our harried enemy!

We wait in vain for your command.

In fierce pursuit we fain would be

We pray you loose us—bid us go,

Dost hear the thrilling “Tally-Ho”?

The Day is fair—why vacillate?

Soon fickle chance shall spread her wing,

And once again 'twill be “Too Late,”

Back in Fate's lap her gift we'll fling.

Shame deep as ours shall never be,

Who trifled thus with Liberty.

The robber prey is sorely pressed,

The Hounds of Justice on him gain,

Our place is there amongst the rest,

Or merit we all men's disdain—

He wronged us most,—shall we delay

Whilst they our debt of Vengeance pay?

Nay, loose us or the leash we break,
And join the Great Pursuit unbid,
No part in that last shame we'll take
When Fear behind mean Caution hid—
Soon courage, too, would seem a vice,
And Freedom dear at any price.

We strain and pant, hark, hark away,
Scant cover can the quarry find,
Yet chained and muzzled here we stay,
Tho' clear for us the call doth wind,
And we who loudest bayed of all,
May not be there to see his fall.

“Workers' Republic,”

22/1/16.



Outward Bound (?)

Moored in the river still we lie
 Tho' fair the wind and still the sky
 We wait the syren's last, shrill sound
 The good ship "Ireland" outward bound
 O'er that wild way, Insurgency,
 To seek the port of Liberty.

The tide is full—why wait we here
 Is there no fearless one to steer?
 The restive crew their orders wait
 To put to sea and challenge Fate.
 Of little use their seaman's lore
 If they must only hug the shore.

Ah! sweep the frightened ones aside,
 Or we shall miss this glorious tide,
 Put them ashore to plot and play
 For the men who will act—Gangway!
 Or else the gallant ship will stay
 To rot in port till black Doomsday.

“Workers' Republic,”

29/1/16.

Flood-Tide.

To James Connolly.

At last, at noon, flowed in the tide—
Past was the waiting and the fear,
The dread that weakness might decide,
And on the rocks the brave ship steer,
Or else in stagnant waters leave
Her, anchored, shamed beyond reprieve.

Past is the waiting, dead the fear,
Ere ebbd the tide the ship sailed out,
She was not built for Fate so drear,
Her place the sea's wild rush and rout,
Scant was she manned, but brave the crew
That from her mast her colours flew.

Out to the raging storm they rode,
And dealt their blow at England's heart,
Whilst o'er their land the old Truth flowed,
Blessed were their names in street and mart,
When, storm-tossed, proud, the ship came back,
Glory and Victory in her track.

But some that sailed came back no more,
Yet were they envied who thus died,
And those who mourned beside the shore,
Wept less for sorrow than for pride,
With each one's grief there too was blent,
Joy, Gratitude and Wonderment.

And you whose watch was on the bridge,
Upon your soul a great joy shone,
That safely o'er the last Wave's ridge
The ship you helped to steer had gone—
I know where'er you journey now,
Victory's smile is on your brow.

28/10/16.



“The Pass of Freedom.”

The time is near—be watchful then my comrades
and my brothers,

We enter now the narrow gorge where courage
shall be tried,

The Pass that leads to Freedom—henceforth Danger
steps beside us,

Then let the flippant and the weak be warned
and stand aside.

The time is near— the place is by—search well your
hearts my comrades,

Come not adventure-seeking here—nor merely
Fame to woo.

One noble motive guide you—the love of Ireland
only,

Thus worthily you'll take your place in Freedom's
retinue.

The tyrant's arm is palsied—his own forsake and
fail him,

O'er sea and bloody battlefield his death-cry
echoes wide;

His sun in shame is setting—while dawn our skies
is flushing,

Strike not too soon, nor bide too long, but wait
the flowing tide.

The time is near—then falter not, tho' in the Pass
Death waiteth,

Far out beyond its shadow rise the heights that
we must scale,

The goal of all our striving, thrice purchased—
Freedom's haven,

What matters then if in the gorge some few lie
still and pale.

“Workers' Republic,”

11/9/15.



Awaiting the Signal.

Morrow by morrow brighter grows
And hope that baffled Time and Death,
And hourly now the harvest grows
Whiter, winnowed by Freedom's breath.
Close by my faithful reapers stand
Eager for signal and command.

In the red gateways of the West,
In War's bright vestiture arrayed,
My hated foe again I breast,
I, whom the Nations deemed decayed.
But fiercer flame is mine to-day,
Than ever lit my pilgrim way.

I know my time is near—I know
That round me shrieks the battle gale,
That once again brave blood must flow,
This too I know—I shall not fail.
Tho' God willed other—even so,
My soul, at bay, should thunder NO!

“The Call to Arms.”

(On the recent mobilisation of the Irish Citizen Army).

Make way, oh gaping, careless crowds,
 Fall back, and let them by,
 Fate even now may weave their shrouds,
 They go—to win or die.
 Some moments since, at work they bent,
 In factory, mill, or street,
 Till Eire her Reveille sent,
 Then thronged they to her feet.

Machines were stayed, tools thrown aside,
 'Twas Eire's hosting day,
 Ne'er bridegroom to a regal bride,
 Went half so fleet as they.
 With bandolier and trusty gun,
 Each busy street they tread,
 Whilst England's craven garrison,
 Looks on in hate and dread.

They needed neither bribe nor threat,
 'Twas love their service bought,
 Had yielded life without regret,
 If but its gift had brought
 The great, shy bird of Freedom near,
 To fold her wings at last,
 And nest upon their land so dear,
 Till Time should wind his blast.

They kept their vigil, brave and true,
No foe their fort assailed,
The British Bull-dog, loathe to woo
New dangers, backed and quailed.
And slunk to kennel, baffled, sore,
Too scared to bark or bite,
To weave his dastard plots once more,
'Gainst men he dare not fight.

“ Workers’ Republic,”

8/4/16.



The Captive.

In the Ocean's arms I had lain at rest,
And wove my dreams on his throbbing breast.
Whilst he girt my robe with his crested waves,
Pale foam wreaths tossed from his tombless graves.
And the winds that passed went echoing long
The haunting words of our bridal song.
And ever the sun, as the sky he trod,
Smiled on our dream like a gleam of God.
Till methought I heard in a troubled sleep,
The hurrying years, in passing, weep.
The song of the Ocean grew changed and low,
I woke and found by my side my foe.
From the lust in his eyes my soul recoiled,
And his grasping hands with blood were soiled.
The blood of the Nations by him betrayed—
Guilt the waters of Time cannot fade.
And on thro' the years he has sought my death
And scorched my soul by his blighting breath.
How long must I suffer and pine and wait,
Locked with this foe in mutual hate?
O, sons that I bore by the free, wild sea,
Your swords, from this foe, must succour me!
And trample him down with his gods of clay,
Lest, weak and alone, I yield for aye.

“Nationality,”

17/7/15.

Ireland to Germany.

I watch the red flame fiercer grow,
The tide of war—its ebb and flow,
And see the nations writhe and strain
I, who for Freedom long am fain,
The while I pray: "Swift fall the blow
That razes tyrant England low."

On her whose fetters seared my soul,
Whose rule is cursed from pole to pole,
Whose track across my hist'r'y lies
One reeking path of infamies,
Whose brutal hoofs scarce left a trace
Of my past beauty in my face.

Thy stroke be sure, oh, Germany,
This wish I send thee o'er the sea,
From Shannon fair to lordly Rhine,
The foe who fronts thee, too, is mine;
Could'st be, my hosts with thine would be,
And my revenge—thy victory.

My sons, as thine, are true and brave
To aid thee in thy task they crave,
To bring the pride of England low,
And vengeance wreak for all my woe,
God grant 'tis thine to overthrow
And crush to earth our common foe.

Sir Roger Casement.

Honour and justice ever had he known,
 And mercy's noble art,
 Deep in his gen'rous heart
 The sacred trio builded high their throne;
 He walked upright serene,
 'Midst scheming men and mean,
 In life's great mart where worldly lures are strown.
 Yet him they could not tempt—he kept his soul
 From all unworthy thrall,
 Like one who waits a call
 And lets Life's stream unheeded pass him roll;
 It came in war's fierce gale,
 That clear insistent "Hail!"
 That kindled Irish blood from pole to pole.
 The dream of Ireland free allured his sight,
 Doubt's wearing time had passed,
 He knew his own at last.
 'And hailed his mission with a proud delight;
 And like another Tone,
 Went fearless and alone
 In Ireland's cause to combat England's might.
 Whom England cannot bribe she villifies;
 She loosed her motley tribe,
 Each servile purchased scribe,
 To taint his honour with their puerile lies;
 But he gave all and Won,
 Since Ireland cries "Well Done!"
 Oh, what to him the venom of their cries?
 "Workers' Republic,"
 25/12/15.

Irish Imperialism.

And shall we suffer it to grow in Irish soil—

This evil weed whose roots are set in treachery,
And watch it stronger wax until its tendrils coil
Round Freedom's noble tree to sap its goodly
growth—

To bear its poisonous fruit and the great hope to
foil.

Was Ireland's stern Gethsemene indeed in vain?

Will no glad Easter morn her Calvary succeed?
Shall she at last lay down the task supreme to
gain

A tinsel crown—a shadowy power to wield?
To sleep in shameful ease and nevermore to strain.

No! No! It shall not be, for Ireland's soul is
true,

Strong hands shall pluck this bastard weed from
out her soil,

And all her unborn freemen yet shall curse the
crew

Who sowed the poisoned seed broadcast o'er her
fair plains,

Tho' where its roots had been shall then be left
no clue.

“Fianna.”

Recruiting Song of the Irish Volunteers.

'Neath Ireland's flag they took their stand,
For her alone they wrought and planned,
When fools and knaves in panic fled,
To saneness back her forces led.
When War's red signs bewildered all,
No ears had they for England's call.

For what to them her whine of fear,
Whose path of duty shone so clear,
Where Emmet, Russell, Tone had led,
That sacred path they chose instead.
Not theirs the hireling's coat of shame,
They answered none—save Ireland's claim.

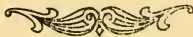
Long Ireland shall remember those,
Who in her day of trial rose,
Who kept the one great issue clear,
Who braved the worst, and had no fear,
Their Nation's soul they typify—
The men whom England could not buy!

Then join them as they marching go
The seeds of Ireland's faith to sow,
Nor longer carelessly delay,
Since Ireland calls you night and day.
Must braver men prize wide the gate,
Of Freedom whilst you shirk and wait?

The flames of war still higher soar,
Their tongues are scorching England's shore.
Her seas are strewn with dead and wreck,
The Teuton's heel is on her neck—
Then nerve the arm and train the eye,
For Ireland's sun flames in the sky.

“The Hibernian,”

17/7/15.



Ireland's Overture to Germany.

Before the conquering Teutons' might
 My ancient foe reels in affright,
 Soon History shall breathless write
 A tyrant's doom.

No puling pity, basely born
 For her that day shall stem my scorn,
 When from its pinnacle is torn
 Her crime-smirched flag.

For centuries I've lived for this
 E'en in the depths of woe's abyss,
 No phase of England's shame to miss,
 When came her hour.

Proud Germany, if thou had'st been
 The fiercest nation earth had seen,
 With no one thing to choose between
 Your sins and hers.

I'd still to thee my hand extend,
 Thy hate and mine for her should blend
 For e'er her foe shall be my friend
 Her friend my foe.

No helot I who'd masters change,
 Nor wanton fain for lovers strange,
 But one who Freedom's heights shall range
 In Fate's despite.

Then lend me of your power to-day
 To wrest my land from England's sway,
 Nor cost, nor recompense I'll weigh
 That honor knows.

To a Deportee.

I passed your home this fair June day,
To careless eyes it looked the same,
Only I thought of silent rooms
That waited one who never came.

So usual all things did seem,
With effort small I could believe
The great Adventure but a dream
Made of such stuff as dreamers weave.

I mind your garden, how it looked
On summer days when we walked there,
Of lupin tall and rose you plucked,
As we talked of the Great Affair.

Friend, we who saw that river grow,
And gave our best its tide to swell,
This much, at least, to-day we know
The deed was timely done and well.

A breathing space we stand aside
To watch its waves triumphant roll:
Content that not in vain they died,
Who won the martyr's aureole.

Francis Sheehy-Skeffington.

TO HIS WIFE.

Think not of him as dead, that thought
Would deeply wrong his victor soul,
Or that his last great fight was fought,
When he strode to Death's fiery goal.
Ah, far beyond, new beacons flared,
New battles waited where he fared.

Another stage, it may be, too,
A higher in the soul's long climb,
Whence he our struggles still may view,
And we touch hands with him some time.
Whence his unconquerable will
Shall find some means to help us still.

For we who knew his dreams, his worth,
Could never picture him at rest,
Oblivious to the woes of Earth,
Forgetful of his former zest,
Ah, no! Each cause he served shall know
Rich fruits of his life's afterglow.

“Irish Citizen.”

Beannacht Leat !

Patrick O'Connor died June, 1915.

We saw no sign, we heard no caoine,
 No farewell beannacht backwards rang,
 Whilst still his laughter filled our ears
 We heard Death's gates behind him clang.

Now o'er the youthful hosts of Finn,
 A weary wind of sorrow sweeps—
 Within their ranks the void gapes wide,
 They call—but still their comrade sleeps.

Had Death but stayed his hand awhile
 Till youth's high hopes achievement knew—
 Yet hush—he treads that far strange road,
 Untouched alike by sin or rue.

And if throughout our struggling land
 Each man had played his part as well,
 In Ireland's fight, as him we've lost
 Ere now had sounded slav'ry's knell.

Eternal youth and joy be his,
 The field of Tir na nOige among,
 Who gave to Ireland youth's best hours,
 Then went his quiet way unsung.

Captain T. Dolan, I.V.

Comrade, farewell, where'erso you are faring,
 May God's own light illumine the unknown way;
 So late with us the hope of Ireland sharing,
 A witness of her faith thro' every day.

Comrade, farewell, ere Ireland's summons sounded
 Death stood and wound his homing horn for you,
 Tho' manhood's myriad hopes within yon bounded,
 No pity yet that awful herald knew.

Soldier of her whose service means but sorrow,
 We know your soul 'gainst Fate had not re-
 belled;
 Had you but fallen on that glorious morrow,
 When Tyranny's last fortress had been felled.

Yet Ireland, friend, shall count your will as doing
 No truer heart her ranks have ever held;
 'And when, in grief, her fallen soldiers viewing,
 May number you among the battle felled.

Pass on the gun—Death makes the best surrender,
 The vacant place some comrade soldier fill;
 Yet long we'll mourn the lover and defender
 That Ireland lost as climbed she Freedom's hill.

Ireland's Gaels.

Who shall tell their story
Who shall sing their praise,
Tho' no martial glory
Round their feats may blaze?
Let the soldier prattle
Of the blood-dyed plain,
Where the rifles rattle
O'er the maimed and slain.

Where the Gaels are greeting
There's a cleaner fight;
And the camans meeting
Makes a goodly sight;
Well may Ireland boast them—
Hers they are alone—
And her lovers toast them:
“Ireland's Cornerstone.”

Rich in manly beauty,
Muscle, brawn and brain;
True to each high duty,
Theirs to shield and train
To its proud perfection
Ireland's grand physique—
Point the true direction
Irish aims should seek.

To no slavish teaching
 Bowing docile head;
 Freedom's gospel preaching
 Fearlessly instead.
 Ne'er from Ireland swerving
 For a hireling's meed,
 All their strength conserving
 'Gainst her time of need.

Who shall tell their story
 Lovingly and well?
 They, their nation's glory
 Thro' whate'er befell.
 Hail, the noble mission
 Of their stalwart band,
 Pray its rich fruition
 Glorifies their land.

Bulwarks of their nation
 'Gainst all alien cults;
 Seeking her salvation,
 Scorning slaves' insults;
 Shunning native quarrels,
 Watching Ireland's "Day,"
 Whilst their fairest laurels
 Strew her thorny way.

O'Donovan Rossa.

Lay him to rest with the honours of war,
 Though not on the gun-shrivilled plain he fell;
 Let the stern, sharp voice of the rifles speak
 Loud o'er his grave a fitting farewell.

For in Liberty's ranks he ever marched—
 In the cause of Justice suffered and fought;
 Brave as the bravest whom Ireland has borne,
 Who served her and died, unsubdued, unbought.

Lay him to rest in the gleam of her dawn,
 Whilst she whom he loved goes on to her goal;
 Stilled the great spirit that wrestled and pined,
 To win for her brow a queen's aureole.

Out o'er the wreck-scattered ocean to-day
 She reaches to claim the dead hero she bore;
 Back from his exile to sleep on her breast,
 There 'mong the red graves that hallow her shore.

And the armed thousands who stand by his grave
 Pledging their lives to fight on to the last;
 Give the lie back to the knaves who proclaim
 The faith he suffered for died with the past.

“Workers' Republic,”
 July, 1915.

And Shall Our Casement Die?

'And shall our Casement die
 On England's scaffold high,
 A victim to her fear and hate,
 Shall she her blood-lust on him sate?
 No, no! Whilst Ireland holds the sword
 'Tis she shall say the final word.

Our vow, oh, England, hear,
 Then if you will still rear,
 The symbol of your brutal race,
 Call out your wanton populace.
 Give them the pastime they love best,
 The hangman's task they'll view with zest.

Look you, if Casement die,
 Then dead shall Mercy lie,
 Our cry henceforth be vengeance dire,
 Kneel down and shout it son and sire.
 No son of England suffered be
 To tread our land in safety.

As they love Murder still,
 Why let them have their fill,
 Since only brute force they know yet,
 Murder by Murder must be met.
 Hear, England, if our Casement die,
 We swear you'll long remember Why.

The Partitionists.

To Ruin's brink by traitors led,
 At bay at last stands she you sold;
 The old, blind Ireland lieth dead,
 Whose tame quiescence made knaves bold.
 Another, clear-eyed takes her place,
 More worthy of a martial race.

No tinsel crown she'll stoop to wear,
 Nor shade of power her soul shall sate;
 And bitterly they'll rue who dare
 Her Nationhood to mutilate.
 Whose boundaries by God were drawn,
 Ere yet had ended Earth's long dawn.

Those boundaries she'll keep intact,
 Tho' foes assail and knaves betray,
 Heroic sons she never lacked
 Howe'erso rough the trysting day;
 Whene'er she called at hand they stood
 Ready to seal their faith in blood.

How little have those huxters gauged
 The noble purpose of her soul:
 Who long mock war have basely waged
 And sold her cause for beggar's dole—
 Away with them, their day is done,
 Fall in instead each soldier son.

Apologia.

I sometimes think if I were gone,
 That some would praise the songs I've sung,
 That I posthumously might don
 Some little Fame, be named among
 The faithful singers of my land
 Who Freedom's spark to flame have fann'd.

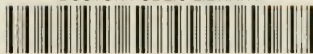
As some the halting sermon praise,
 Because their hearts approve the text,
 So some will laud my crudest lays
 By thoughts of outraged Art unvexed;
 Just for the message that they bore
 They had forgiven much much more.

This, too, that when the storm drew near
 And Ireland's hour was close at hand,
 They never held a note of fear
 To chill or daunt her gallant band;
 Ah! me! I'd rather have their praise
 Than walk with poets all my days.

Contents.

James Connolly, I.R.A.	15
Patrick Pearse	16
Joseph Mary Plunkett	17
Ye Dead Who Died for Ireland	18
Eire—After the Storm	19
Unconquerable	20
Communion	22
Eastertide, 1916	23
To "E.K."	24
Michael Mallin	26
Cornelius Colbert	28
Spring, 1916	29
Eire to "K. L."	30
Wreck of the S.S. "Britannia"	31
Opportunity	32
Straining at the Leash	33
Outward Bound (?)	35
Flood-Tide	36
The Pass of Freedom	38
Awaiting the Signal	40
The Call to Arms	41
The Captive	43
Ireland to Germany	44
Sir Roger Casement	45
Irish Imperialism	46
Recruiting Song of the Irish Volunteers	47
Ireland's Overture to Germany	49
To a Deportee	50
Francis Sheehy-Skeffington	51
Beannacht Leat	52
Captain T. Dolan	53
Ireland's Gaels	54
O'Donovan Rossa	56
And Shall Our Casement Die	57
The Partitionists	58
Apologia	59

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